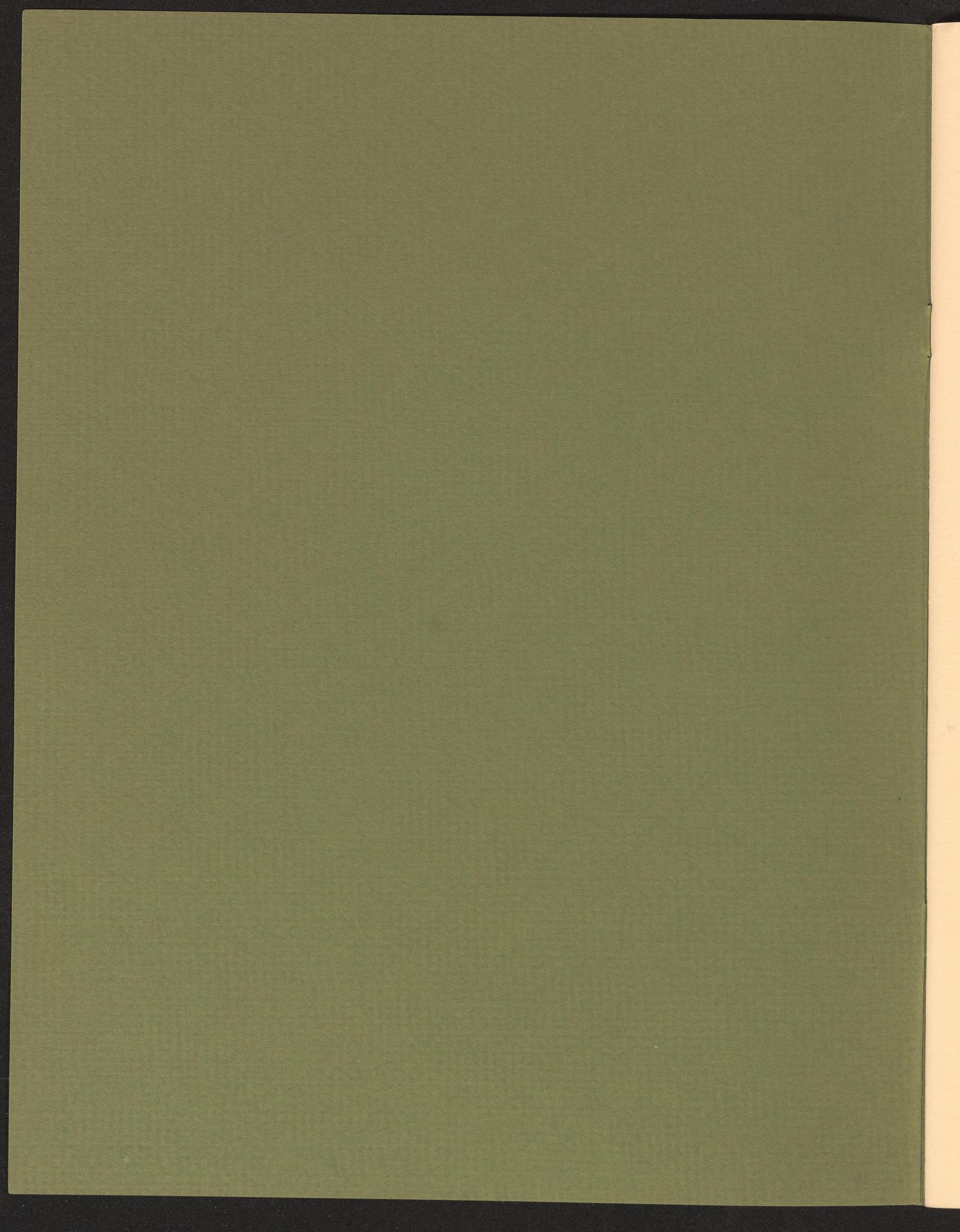




HALLMARKS OF HARPETH HALL

SPRING 1971



HALLMARKS 1971

A publication of the Penstaff Club

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NEON CITY

Judy Andrews, '73

"True" blondes
In silver silk
Roll the die
And flick the chips . . .

Cigarette air,
Drinks all day . . .
Big green bills
Waste away.

Pack up girls
In Cadillac cars
To happy hotels
And all-night bars.

Drinks all air,
Cigarette day . . .
Big waste bills
Green away.

GOODBYE, JANIS

Beth Atkins, '72

*Why lay ye on the floor so still
Why lay ye on the floor
Do not you hear them begging you
They're crying still for more.*

*Why can't your voice get through to them
Why can't your voice get through
A voice that touched their very souls
And now you've killed that too.*

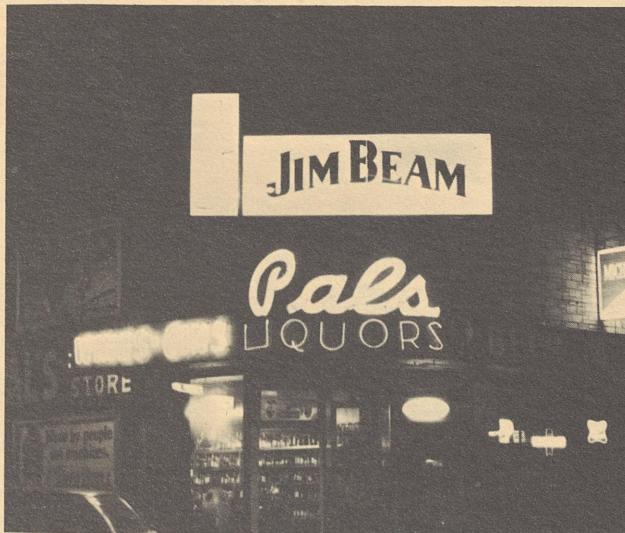
*Why won't you give cheap thrills again
Why won't you give cheap thrills
No more full house for you, my friend
'Twas one too many pills.*

*Why did they call you crazy, girl
Why did they call you crazy
A quart of comfort every show
Did not appease the lady.*

*Why did you think yourself so clever
Why were you, Jan, so clever
To keep it up, you killed yourself
And stopped your song forever.*

*Why did you go so silently
Why did you go so quiet
You had it at your fingertips
You knew you had to try it.*

*Why did you never scream for help
Why did you never scream
With fourteen marks upon your arm
You slipped into a dream.*



DEDICATION

Sherry Irvin, '71

*I treat you bad but you still love me.
I always give you short answers
never really hearing the questions,
while you take the time
to care enough to ask.
Somehow each day you show your love for me,
but I don't take the time to notice.*

*But today since you are not with me I have
been thinking about you.
Often I am very short tempered,
but since you left I realize how much I need
you
I hope you understand
because often I don't.
I will try harder to make each day a little
more pleasant for you,
understanding that when you return
I will again have my mother home.*

UNTITLED

Cary Helme, '74

*I am cold and wish a fire
I am dry and take a swim
I am hot and make a fan
I am wet and soak a towel*

*At night I do not want my bed
Outside I want home's comfort
In the morning I sleep late
Inside I long for the wind*

*I am young—I count my birthdays
At war I wash for peace
I am old—much too soon
In peace I look for war*

*I am rich—I do not care
I love those whom I cannot have
I am poor—I treasure gold
I don't care for those who love me*

AFTER A STORM

Betty Andrews, '75

*The yellow breath
of the sun,
breaking through the clouds
shows a dark gray sky,
a yellow-green earth,
and a triumphant arch
touching each with color.*

THE STORY OF HIP-PEA

Suzy Peeples, '72

*I will tell you a tale if I dare
It takes place in a land way over there
Now the Jolly Green Giant he lived in that place
And at growing peas, he sure was an ace.
His chest was all puffed up with pride
Cause his pods sprouted o'er the mountainside
And all his peas grew up straight and strong
Not ever did any of them go wrong.
Then one day as he was a pickin'
He saw a small pod out from a leaf stickin'
Now this pod was really far out
Cause it wasn't green like any other sprout.
It had stripes and polka dots, too
And on the inside it was psychedelic blue.
When the Giant opened it with his hand
The pea jumped out and said, "What's
happening, man?"
The Giant he sure was upset
Cause a pea like this he'd never met.
Instead of being nice and fat
The pea was kinda short and flat.
The Giant gave a great big sigh
Cause he could not figure why
So he asked the pea right out
If he was some new kind of sprout.
The Giant said, "What kind of pea may you be?"
And the pea replied, "Man, I'm a HipPea!"
And "I won't be in your butter sauce
You must admit it's no great loss.
I'm going to talk to every pea
To see if they won't be like me."
So upon his shoulder he put his pod
And down the road he then did trod.
The Giant he just stood there still
Of that pea, he'd had his fill.
He sure was glad to see that pea go
A pea like him he didn't want to know.
Well, that pea he traveled far and wide
On the land and by the tide.
He said his words to lots of others
In the hope they'd be his brothers.
So when a pea slides off your plate
You will know who was that pea's mate.
Please don't get angry at yourself
Just use the fork that's on the shelf!*

UNTITLED

Etal, '71

*A young man called my name
He spoke of angle wings
He spoke of things to see and do
He spoke of rhymes and I love you.*

*A young man wept a tear
He cried, "My death is near!
I've not done the things I meant to do
I have no rhymes nor have I you."*

*A young man heard me sing
I sang of angel wings
I sang of things that we could do
I sang of rhymes and I do—love you.*

GHETTO SONG

Trish Harrison, '74

*Don' yo' never think about
De place yo' lives in.
Don' ever worry 'bout de cold.
Jus' remember dat de good Lawd loves ya,
An' He won't forget ya sufferin' an' ya toil.
Try to forget ya empty stomach;
Remember Jesus suffered more'n you.
Keep a song in ya heart,
A smile on ya lips,
An' faith in ya soul,
An' someday, you'll go to Hebben
Jus' like Christ did
So long ago.*

HAIKU

Margaret Weesner, '71

*Born to live then die,
What after death? No one knows,
Mystery of life.*

HAIKU

B. C., '74

*Small understanding,
Like a flickering light bulb,
Enlightens and leaves.*

DEATH OF MINDS

by Anne Cooper

*Hate
Carries the mind
To extreme
Loneliness,
And leaves it
There
To die.*

TIME

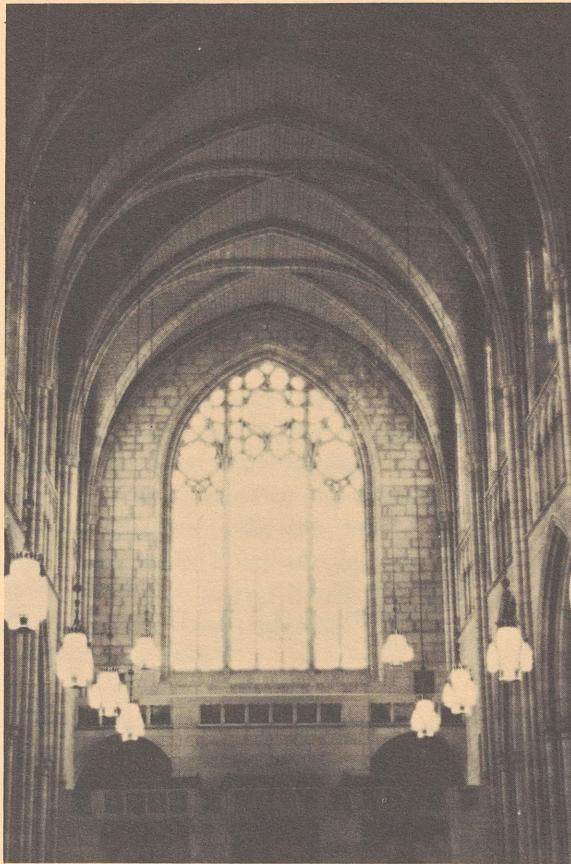
Mary Margaret Macy, '76

*The grandfather clock
refuses to let time stop
while I rest and catch my breath.*

UNTITLED

plf, '71

*I wake in the night
Aware of a feeling.
I don't know what it is.
Lonely, said, happy,
Loving, hating.
Everything is mixed up.
Another kind of feeling—
My pillow is wet.
I'm cold.*



DEATH OF A MARTYR

Amy Hall, '74

*Alone by the river I stand,
And I dream of the days that have gone:
Times past.
Recall, the death of him,
My own son, my first child.
But he had to be sent
To war.
So cruel, always to live was hard.*

*Every night he fell upon his knees;
He raised his prayer,
Begged the Lord to help him make it thru
another battle scene.
'Twas such a filthy plight.
Loading up his rifle, but shooting only air,
Fearing lest he kill a man he didn't know.
Today the fight is done.*

*Now 'neath the shadows I weep;
Still I wonder why oft life is torn
Apart.
His love was truer than
The demands of a man
Whose task is to kill.
How sad,
Often life's quest ends so wrong.*

TO SEEK A BETTER WORLD

Suzy Peeples, '72

*I dreamed I was airborne,
Soaring to touch the sky.
An inner peace possessed my body,
My arms were reaching higher
As my soul struggled to be free.
Then I saw a dazzling light,
And I knew it was coming.
I thought my heart would burst,
But it very gently stopped.
And I knew I had found a better world.*

SUMMER DELIGHT

Grace Follin, '76

*Once on a hot summer day
A young boy, in a cool,
tasty ice-cream parlor.
Looking through frosty glass,
His brown eyes grow as
big as chocolate pies.*

*After receiving his order of
icy vanilla, with chocolate
nougets ice-cream,
He carefully licks the top,
As if not to miss a drop.*

*Suddenly, on the side of
the cone, he
discovers a drop he has
missed, and quickly
licks it up
Lick, after lick, after lick
Then all at once, it's
gone!*

A CHOCOLATE DOUGHNUT

Mary Stamps, '76

*A little, fat boy approached
A doughnut shop.
I saw him enter with a
Hop, Skip, Hop.*

*He tried not to get one,
He tried until at last,
I saw him get the chocolate one
From down behind the glass.*

*He slowly bit the doughnut,
With a smile upon his face,
A bigger smile was never seen
By any human race*

*He ate the doughnut slowly,
He ate it crumb by crumb,
He even licked the chocolate
That was sticking to his thumb.*

*That doughnut meant more to him,
Than the dirt means to the mole,
So he ate that chocolate doughnut
'Till he only left the hole.*

ICE CREAM

Beth Atkins, '72

*I love ice cream.
Vanilla.
Raspberry.
Licorice.
Lemon.
Have you ever had them all-together?
It's really not so bad—if you love
Ice cream.*

BON BONS

Athalie White, '71

*When you've got a box of chocolates
And they look so awfully nice
You know you shouldn't eat them
But your mind they will entice.*

*You can't decide which one to pick
So here's a trick I know:
If you gently push the bottoms in
Their contents then will show.*

MY PEACE

Claire Brittain, '71

*Sitting alone
listening to the rain
as it gently guides my mind through legions of untouched lands.*

ME

Debbie Daugherty, '72

*One day me sat all alone,
Nothing there but me;
Then a he came up to me
And me and he were we.*

*We lived together,
He and me
In our castle by the sea;
Then one day there was not just we,
For he and me made three.*

*We lived together many years,
He and me and she,
But one day she did go away
And there was only we.*

*We lived happily by the sea,
My lover he and me.*

*But one day he did leave me too,
And now there's only me.*

MOTTO

by Marilyn Blackman, '71

*I used to like fresh air
When it was there.*

TO A FRIEND

Shannon Stoney, '72

*Dear friend, I see you from faraway
And I feel for you.*

*Though we share not the closeness
we once shared in another time
Yet I know what you must be going thru
Since they told me about what happened
You've been in my thoughts, though I know
Your thoughts and heart are much too full
Of doubts, confusion, and sorrow
To think of me, and remember that I'm thinking
of you.*

*I see you far from me, your head bowed down
And I wish I could talk to you, reach you.*

*You're out of my world, too far away to touch.
But my prayers are with you, prayers for God
and people*

*To touch you, reach you, love you, and comfort
you*

In your sorrow.

A FLOWER

Anne Ramsey, '71

*time goes by
and before i know it
i've gone too far*

*running through the grass
hand and hand
he stopped to give me
a flower*

with his love

*time goes by
and before i know it
i've gone too far*

*how can i tell him
i am only looking for
a friend*



UNTITLED

Sherry Irvin, '71

*What kind of Bee are you? Most of us attest to
being the queen bee, who rules over the masses.
But only a few have the qualifications.*

*Everyone likes to be classified as a worker, and
enjoys the rewards of a well-done job.*

*But how many of us should be classified as a
drone, or a lazy bee?*

WINTER

Cary Helme, '74

*The trees are dead.
Their branches bare and black
Stand out against the grey sky.
The trees are dead.
Their leaves long fallen are unseen,
Buried in the bitter, cruel frost.
The trees are dead.
Their roots, unable to support themselves,
Use the hard ground as a crutch.
The trees are dead.
Their nuts, which bring young trees,
Have left to feed other hungry mouths.
The trees are dead.
Their sap, the life-giving force,
Is frozen—brittle and still.
The trees are dead.
But even in death, they bravely
Give their lives to other lives.
The trees are dead.
But they cling to that last hope—
The breath of life called spring.*

COLD

Cathy Frierson, '72

*A Moth is beating against my window,
Frantically striving to reach
the Light—
Flutter, Flutter, Flutter—
But he will never reach his goal.
How like the man who lives in the
Darkness of Loneliness—
Who cries out in
Agony
Who longs to touch the light of
Love,
Who feel the warmth of understanding.
Beat, Beat, Beat—
The heart will do its work,
Yet how it aches and pains the one who know
That
In this world,
The light for him will never shine,
And so he goes on
Hopelessly reaching out for the light of love
That will
Never
Be his.*

HAIKU

by Anne Cooper

*Very worn out now
Yet innocence still remains;
Little teddy bear.*

UNTITLED

plf, '71

*Holding your strong hands,
Wiping out bad times,
Living the present,
The past is gone.
We are the present,
Maybe the future.*

BLACK

Barbara Couch, '74

*BLACK—the shade of youth's crisp curls
an unlit room
a mad mind's whirls*

*DEATH—eternity alone
an unsown field
a bleak heart shown*

*LIFE—Sometimes too hard to bear
a hollowness
an empty stare*

*SLEEP—the mind, a cheerful room,
pearl shafts of light
shine through the gloom*

*BLACK—peace only One can send
welcome relief
and timely end.*

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*A nice, warm bathtub—
Three million telephone calls—
A nice, cold bathtub.*

THE FLY IN THE PIE

(with apologies to Dr. Seuss and
"The Cat in the Hat")

Barbara Couch, '74

*The day was half-through
The lunch bell had rung
So we marched down "Hup-Two!"
To eat and have fun.*

*I stood there with Janie
We stood there we two
I said, "Hurry up long line—
I'm desperate for food!"*

We'd just come from gym
We were late

Late

Late

Late!
And we did not like it.
We had to wait.

“I’m starving to death!”
Groaned the poor little fly.
“I LIKE to eat food!”
Said the fly in the pie.
“And its mostly YOUR food that
I like to eat.”
Then he flew again and
Took a seat on a beet.

“Oh-no!” said the ant.
(The one in the salad)
“That fly is not good at all
For your palate.
He’ll give you diphtheria, tpyhoid, and ague—
Headache, and even a mild case of plague
Fly should not be here
Should not be about.
He should not be near
When Caterpillar’s out!”

“Caterpillar!”
Repeated Janie and I.
“Caterpillar!”
Echoed the fly in the pie.

"Cattie in the fat," said
The moths in the broth—

*"Is worse, much worse,
Than the fly in the pie.
Worse than the ant—
Worse, even, than us!
That Cattie's indeed worth
A whole lot of fuss!"*

*We stood there and cried
Did Janie and I.
To watch our food go—
Almost made us die.*

We watched them all sitting there.
Moths in the broth—
Ant in the salad—
Cattie in the fat—
It was bad enough
Just to look at all that!
But what really killed us—
(That is—Janie and I)
What tortured us—pained us—
Nearly made us cry—
What made us mad enough—
Almost—to fry—
Was that hungry old fly—
The Fly in the Pie!

UNIDI

Jo Anderson, '71

I'm glad the world doesn't have anything like cement to stick it together.

TODAY

Mary Stamps, '76

*What is today?
It was tomorrow yesterday,
It will be yesterday tomorrow.*

*Will you remember today?
Oh, not just a couple of days or a week from now,
But a year or maybe several years from now?*

*Each day of your life holds
New dreams, hopes, and ideas
All worth striving for.*

*Cherish today and all that is in it.
And maybe today's dreams
Will seem just a little more realistic,
Tomorrow.*

FREEDOM CHILD

Margaret Weesner, '71

*In ragged shirt
And cut-off jeans
He roams the freedom fields
Chasing after butterflies
With Fido at his heels.*

*Darting into
The solemn woods
He finds the rocky creek,
Where polywogs go dashing from
The splash of his bare feet.*

*He's all smiles
And makes mud pies
To feed to his faithful pet.
He knows the joys of a summer day;
Something he'll ne'er forget.*

I

Louise Sharp, '72

*I have been,
I am,
And I will be forever more;
For in unity with God, I am eternity.*

DECISION

by Marilyn Blackman, '71

*You think you will,
You think you won't,
You think you would,
And then you don't.*



"TURN BACK, O MAN, FORESWEAR THY FOOLISH WAYS"

Diana Reed, '72

It had come; Sirens wailed, uring the people to the shelters. But, the people were frozen; frozen alive by an indescribable fear and hopelessness. It had come. Someone (in this world or another—It didn't matter now) had pushed the button. The button that would destroy the world. Then, sudden panic gripped the people; they forgot age-old warnings to stay calm. People on the coast boarded ships, others laid down in the street and pleaded to a god they had once buried.

Then, the beginning of the end. A buzzing, zooming noise in the sky, and the people, accepting their inevitable death, upturned their faces to watch. Endless seconds went by, and the already dead seemed to tremble with the rest.

Then the explosion. The earth quaked. Black, poison smoke blanketed the land. Volcanoes rumbled and spat golden and scarlet ash, rumbled again, and vomited from the belly of the earth, as if to rid itself of the poison. The rivers and seas turned molten black and steamed. Boats melted beneath the feet of those who thought to be saved, spilling them into the oozing ocean.

The congregation of a little country church sang:

"Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.
Age after age their tragic empires rise,
Built while they dream,
And in that dreaming weep:
Would man but wake from out his haunted
sleep—

Turn back, O man, foreswear thy foolish ways." Years too late, they were all crushed under the falling church roof.

A lone child, left in the streets by its mother, screamed at the dead bodies around her, coughed, and fell dead.

Trees and plants withered visibly and died. Animals died amid the rubbish the people had thrown down when they lived.

Weeks later, the smoke and gas faded slightly, but none knew it. The sun rose and set; the stars and the moon shone just as brightly, and faded again at another dawn. But none saw.

Only silence . . .

Far away, on another planet, with a different sun and two moons, a tiny creature, glistens, beautiful and slick, as it crawls laboriously from the water into the thick, humid air . . . and takes its first breath. From it will come another world. Will they live only to die? Let us pray

2020-2021

AVON CALLING

Judy Andrews, '72

*I tell you—things go better with Coke.
Yeh, I know, but it shakes out white and turns
blue.*

*Say, isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian
Club?*

Sure—Lucite, the work skipper . . .

They've come a long way, baby.

*I'd walk a mile for a Camel.
Oh, but leave the driving to us.
(We try harder.)*

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*With eyes that don't hear,
A prisoner of freedom.
He can't feel the sun.*

THE SUNLOVERS

Judy Andrews, '72

The Sunlovers
Flock to the beaches
To lie on freckle-faced sand
And stare into scarlet suns.

Red with sunburn,
Brown with tan,
The Sunlovers
Come again.

The Sunlovers
Lie by concrete pools
To drink up chlorine water
And have their "guaranteed" fun.

Wait for summer
Then hit the beach
And look around
For some good peach.

Red with sunburn,
Brown with tan,
The Sunlovers
Strike again.

(BLACK) WIDOW'S LAMENT

Barbara Couch, '74

My bridal day was yester-eve
I now prepare my love to leave
No courts or alimony sums
A love-hate of my husband comes
To urge me, coaxing, black and fey
And then devour my love away.

"CONCRETE"

Beth Collins, '72

"Concrete" is a dangerous word:
Concrete words, concrete actions.
One can be convicted for concrete facts.
Our world is so made and centered
Upon concrete facts and actions;
It is so concerned with the useless "how,"
Not the important "why."
Many go through life in a concrete routine,
Not caring for the abstract.
Perhaps the new generation can change this,
Add a spark to our lives.
They still have visions, wide expanses
Open to their active minds.
If they can't, who can?

WITH MY HEAD IN THE CLOUDS

Penny Pilkington, '73

With my head in the clouds,
And my feet on the ground,
By the troubles of earth
I am no longer bound.
Alone with my thoughts
I'm as free as the wind.
I feel breezes blow,
I see the trees bend.
I'm alone with myself;
There is no one around,
With my head in the clouds,
And my feet on the ground.

SOUL SEARCHIN'

Alice Hinton, '72

*Knock, knock Mr. Self—
who is there?
with all the confusion and complications
of Pressures
from Friends and Foes
from Here and There*

And

*Injections of Morals and Standards
and Religious Beliefs*

And

*do This or don't do That from
Every Direction*

And

*statements like Sororities are Good
then*

Sororities are Bad

Or

*Save Sex for marriage
then*

Nobody is a Virgin anymore

And after

*Questions like "Are you a Hippie? Or
are you straight?"*

Or

Do you believe in God

Or

*do you not
you find
you have no real answers*

And

*You begin to wonder if
MR. YOUR SELF
is still alive*

or if

*he has been VICIOUSLY MURDERED
somewhere along the way . . .*

FINIE

Cathy Frierson, '72

*Now the poem is over,
Yet the feelings still remain.
From tears and fears
And hopeless dreams
I know I must refrain.*

*God gave me too much imagination—
I know it should not be.
Someday I know I'll have to face
Stark reality.*

NO GHOULS, FOOL

Jo Anderson, '71

*It's a rule
That no ghoul,
After school
Dressed in wool,
May get cool
In a pool
For a jewel
Or a tool
'Cause ghouls drool.*

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*When the sun has gone,
And yet its golden glow stays
I think about you.*

SENIOR CLASS POEM 1971

Claire Brittain, '71

*In the weary hours
Of slowly moving minutes
We became older.*

*Alone and afraid
As strangers in a new world
We saw each other.*

*Orientation
President George's Birthday
Ancient History.*

*The new summer aged
It was a time of Jane Eyre;
Huckleberry Finn.*

*"Is it a real bomb?"
"I hope so?" "I do too."
"No more school. . .?" "Oh rats!"*

*Together in name
And trying hard to become
Together in thought.*

*Moving to the front
The old auditorium
Seemed more familiar.*

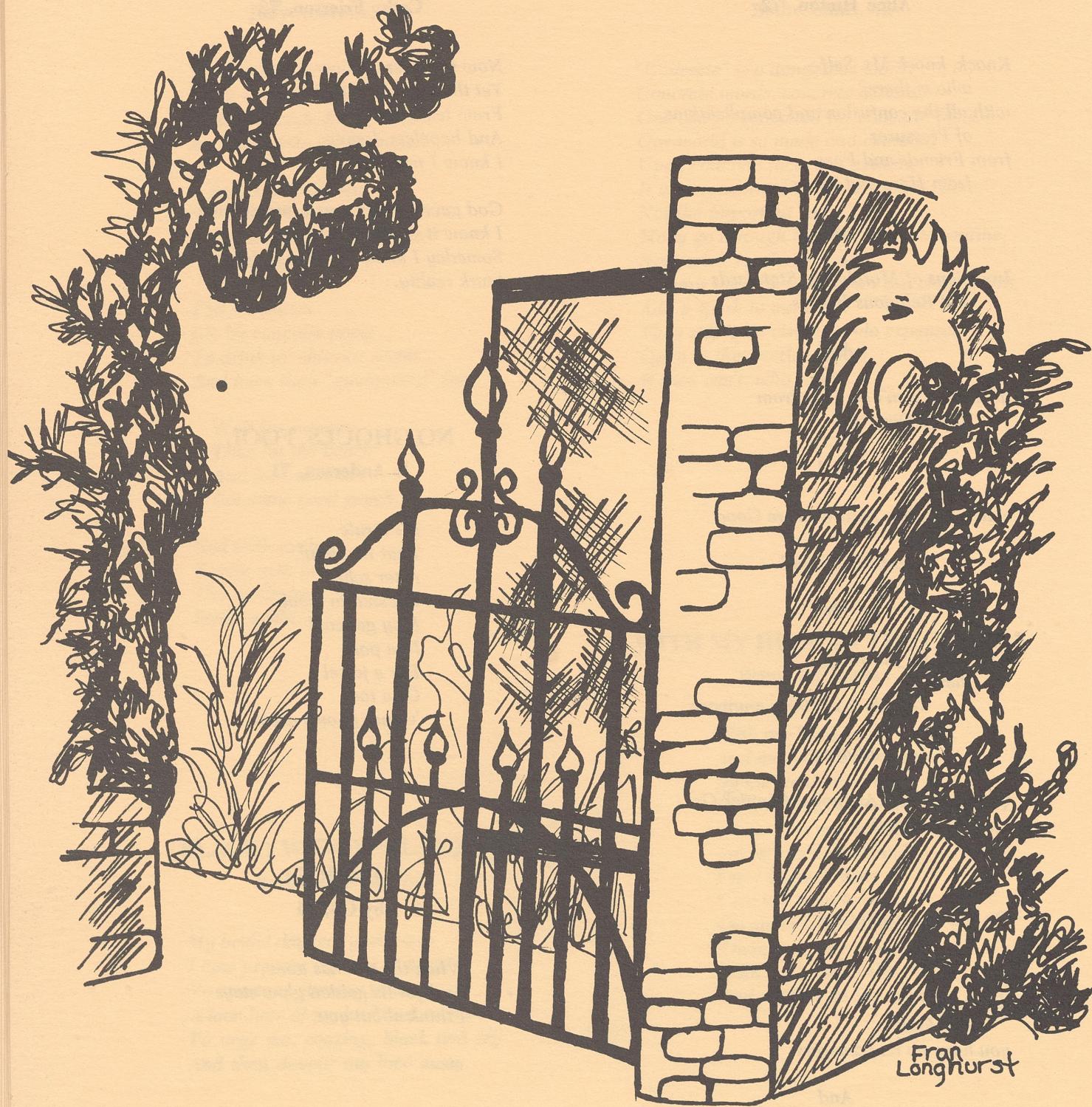
*That time in our lives
We looked at reality
And learned how to smile.*

*Now we are seniors
We sing of being as one;
Of reaching the sky.*

*We learned in our song
The words became real for us
When we tried to care.*

*So we are leaving.
In the stillness of good-byes
We see a future.*

*In weary hours
Of slowly moving minutes
We become older.*



Fran
Longhurst

ONCE A LITTLE GIRL

Amy Hall, '74

*Wake up, little girl, while the sunlight is hazy
And then run barefoot to your "shop" on the
creek.*

*Now gather up shells and sticks that will serve
As tools for the work that today is awaiting.*

*Now step, little girl, in the cool, rushing waters
And scoop sandy pebbles in your tiny, round
hands.*

*The mud and silt from the blanketed creekside
Will serve as your icing for rich, creamy pies.*

*Thick chocolate batter to mold, little girl,
Now press in a bowl brought from home.
Next wipe the cool dough from your eager
fingers
And crown your baking with a sandy meringue.*

*Now that the cooking for today is completed,
Dangle your toes in the sun-dappled waters.
Gaze at your face in the dark, rippling mirror
And hope, little girl, that you'll be called pretty.*

*When the sun is high, casting showers of warmth,
Reach, little girl, for an apple from above.
Then roll on your back and stretch on the grass.
Sleep, little girl, for the day is half-spent.*

*Sunset is fading; arise, little girl!
Few minutes remain to sit in your treehouse.
Precious day is wasting as Mother is calling.
Run, little girl, lest the moonlight enchant you.*



UNTITLED

Etal, '71

*If I live in a world of dreams
And never know you,
one who is so close to me,
Then all is wrong.*

*And if dreams are made of falling stars
And stars from fallen cinders of the moon
Then I know
I've left behind the one I never knew.*

GROWING UP

Susan Smith, '72

*Growing up is like running
up a stairs
First starting off with
unbounding energy
Running too fast when
you should be only walking
Slipping and hurting
by making mistakes
Grasping at the handles
for extra support
And finally reaching the top . . .
only to look down*

I WONDER IF

Suzy Peeples, '72

*If my life was shattered into a thousand pieces,
I wonder if I could put them together again.
If the way that I feel ever ceases,
I wonder how I would feel then.*

*If time ever stopped for me,
I wonder where I would go
If my eyes began to see,
I wonder what they would show.*

*If I lived all alone,
I wonder if I would be free
If my hands could be shown,
I wonder what they'd feel for me.*

*If my brain ever stopped to think,
I wonder if I would be still
If my heart ever learns not to sink,
I wonder if I would have my fill*

*And if my soul ever left me,
God, I wonder if I'd meet you
And if from you I could not flee,
I wonder what I would do.*

THE YOUNG MAN

Margaret Weesner, '71

*The tall grass on the plain
Waved with the wind, the west wind.
I saw a young man standing
Straight and tall in the distance.*

*Straight and tall he stood,
And the wind blew in his face
And carried his frenzied thoughts.
His thoughts raced with the wind
For he was confused.*

*And the world kept whirling,
That's what made the wind blow,
The wind that carried his thoughts.*

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*It is morning now.
Soft light is running through trees.
I feel a new day.*

THE CARDINALS

Beth Collins, '72

*Two cardinals made a nest outside our door,
In the bush right outside our door.
The flashy male, the modest female,
Tended their eggs outside our door
In the summer . . .
Six weeks ago the eggs hatched.
Little cardinals, newly born,
Without knowledge of dogs or cats,
Looked out upon the bright new world.
Not for long.
The dogs killed the little birds.
The nest was empty.
Survival of the fittest.
Because their parents had been foolish
Enough to put the nest
Right there outside our door,
Their babies were killed.
The folly of the parents
Was visited upon the children.*

II

Louise Sharp, '72

It is natural for each person to be confused, uncertain, and even despondent about himself and his existence. There lurks a feeling of incompleteness and immaturity which seems to evade our grasp and comprehension, and we are embittered with ourselves for this "fault" or "abnormalcy." However, what we too often overlook in our extensive search for "something" is that this "fault" cannot be overcome without assistance.

Our lives are very like the unique fruit of a tree: without the tree's nourishment and the sun and rain's assistance, the fruit never ripens and finally rots from within its core. Likewise, without God's light and life within our own lives, our souls cannot ripen into maturity and there remains a gap, an incompleteness. God alone, and not ourselves, can fill this void.

LIGHTER OF DARKNESS

Betty Andrews, '75

*Orange flames,
reaching out
with bursts of energy,
crackling and distorting the images
beyond it;
drawing your attention
to its fiery
that only
make the shadows
darker.*

I, TOO

Amy Hall, '74

*Sometimes at sunset yet often at dawn
I wonder will you wish for me if I am gone.
Will you say my name as I walk down the hall
Or watch the door close as an end to it all;
But if that door closes, I'll know in my heart
From what each gave it was foolish to start.*

*Perhaps I'll be there but probably not,
For the freedoms I lack will never be caught;
But one of these days when my time is at hand,
Will you gather the pieces all dashed on the sand.
Can you remove my crushed dreams afar with
the years,
Won't you learn to accept that I, too, have tears.*

A SCALE

Betsy Shapiro, '71

*Aroused from sleep I falter at the gain
Of sudden pressure forced upon my chest.
Distorted features show effects of pain
Inflected by an uninvited guest.
Unflinchingly he watches this display
While my expressions wildly vacillate.
When last mine cease his show his own dismay
At having added to his obese weight.*

BLUE

Barbara Couch, '74

*Blue-it flies before sunrise
The gauzy, gentle wind that signs
Soft tenderness and growing loss
The hue that lurks behind the frost
The mystery in a fairy's eyes
Unreal on flowers, in fogs, lies
The hazy, heightened heather-mistful
A glance of sorrow-wilful, wistful
The innocence in the eyes of babes
The truth that is found in their gaze
The color of regret, of rue
A pledge of love that's strong and true.*

MOONRISE

Jana Talbot, '74

As I silently slip away from the cabin, the screen door squeaking, behind me, tries to warn the counselors, but they are too tired to hear it. The grass, softly prickly and wet with the evening dew, seems to invite my barefeet to follow it far, far away. And who could resist? Ignoring all camp rules about shoes and curfew, I tread lightly across the field to the edge of the lake, where the night breeze is rippling the dark, forbidding waters. As I find a rock to sit on, a wakeful owl calls to the hushed world. A nearby cricket chirps, and as if some unseen spiritual being and it on the end of an invisible thread, the moon rises silver and clear over the water, transforming it to a pipply sheet of clear crystal. My heart swells, and as I see it all with my eyes, I seem to feel God's loving hand upon my shoulder.

CAPTURED

Ellen Hobbs, '75

*A teeny tiny grasshopper decided to see the world.
He began to pack his baggage, when he was scooped up by a girl.
A thin little fog began to cover the jar, and her eyes to him.
Seemed like huge stars.
His breath was becoming hard to get, and the jar was all
Clammy, pressing, and wet.
Then, the jar lowered and the top came off,
And the teeny tiny grasshopper jumped out with a cough.*

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*Individuals,
Yet everyone is the same.
People in boxes.*

DEAR MAJOR —

Lynn Farrar, '74

You asked us to write you and explain our qualifications for the spying mission that you discussed with us earlier. You also requested the volunteers to explain their motives for volunteering. Here is my compliance with your request. I will attempt to discuss my qualifications with complete honesty and without false modesty.

My major qualification is the knowledge of the countryside. My family often vacationed there in the summer. And as young children do, I explored the countryside thoroughly. I believe I remember the terrain well. Still, my family and I were not well known in town, then, and I do not believe that I would be recognized.

Secondly, I am responsible and have a sense of country loyalty. In assuming this task, I would recognize the importance of it. I would try to the best of my ability to complete it thoroughly and well. I would not let down my country, and to me she is first in my heart and concern. Threats of torture and death would not deter me from my purpose. I think, too, that I would not hesitate to take any sensible risks. I pride myself that I would not be foolish in the eagerness and impetuosity of youth to prove my valor, but would exercise wisdom. I have courage.

I also believe that I have enough natural acting ability to remain incognito or pose as someone without my identity being discovered. I could adapt to any situation. I believe that I could give a convincing performance.

Major, I believe that this is true. I've searched carefully for my qualifications. I don't know. I have not had my character tested. I might be confronted and turn coward. I might reveal everything. I might bumble the mission. I hope not. I don't think so. But, I have to find out. I have to—I need to know—to see what kind of person. I am. Besides the challenge, this is why I volunteered. I want to find the truth, even if it is bad, about myself. Please help me by granting me this opportunity to find myself and serve my country!

Sincerely and respectfully,

CRUCIFIXION

Trish Harrison, '74

It was dark.

*The sky washed blood red.
The air was so heavy;
It seemed to strangle every man.
And the heat was so intense
It was as if the very flames of Hell
Licked at the men's feet.*

*And the rain came,
But instead of cooling freshness
The people longed for,
It fell in great, boiling drops
That seared every man's flesh.
The heavens opened up,
And the thunder threatened to deafen everyone.
The lightning illuminated the sky for a full
minute.
Then suddenly, everything was quiet.
God's son was dead.*

THE EAVESDROPPER

Lynn Farrar, '74

The low sobs of a woman sheathed in black broke the still afternoon. The people gathered around the casket were left to their own thoughts until the monotonous tones of the minister would begin the funeral service.

As they viewed the body, a drab woman in her late twenties began a conversation with her female companion. "You know, Shirley, Mr. Mathis wasn't the most delightful person to work under. He was either gouchy or terribly demanding! I must have been the most underpaid secretary in the pool. I did so many thoughtful things for him, but it would trouble Mr. H. Benjamin Mathis to stoop to consideration of me! Nothing for all those days of devotion!"

"Was that his real name? How really funny! Well, what do you expect from people today? Why, bother . . ."

"I worked like a dog to please him. I told you about . . ." Her voice dropped to an incoherent mutter as a relative of the man moved within hearing distance. The relative, however, was talking also

"Honestly, Harriet. I don't understand what more Ben could have asked of me and then not mention me in the will! Ungrateful boy. I even spent \$15 on his flowers. It was the least I could spend and not look cheap."

"Well, Mattie, that's life! Actually, I didn't like him—conceited, rude, stingy man. I'm glad he didn't leave me any of his \$78,000 estate! And I was planning to remodel the kitchen."

Two men stood at the other end of the casket. "Ben was a real loafer. Always pushing his work off on somebody else."

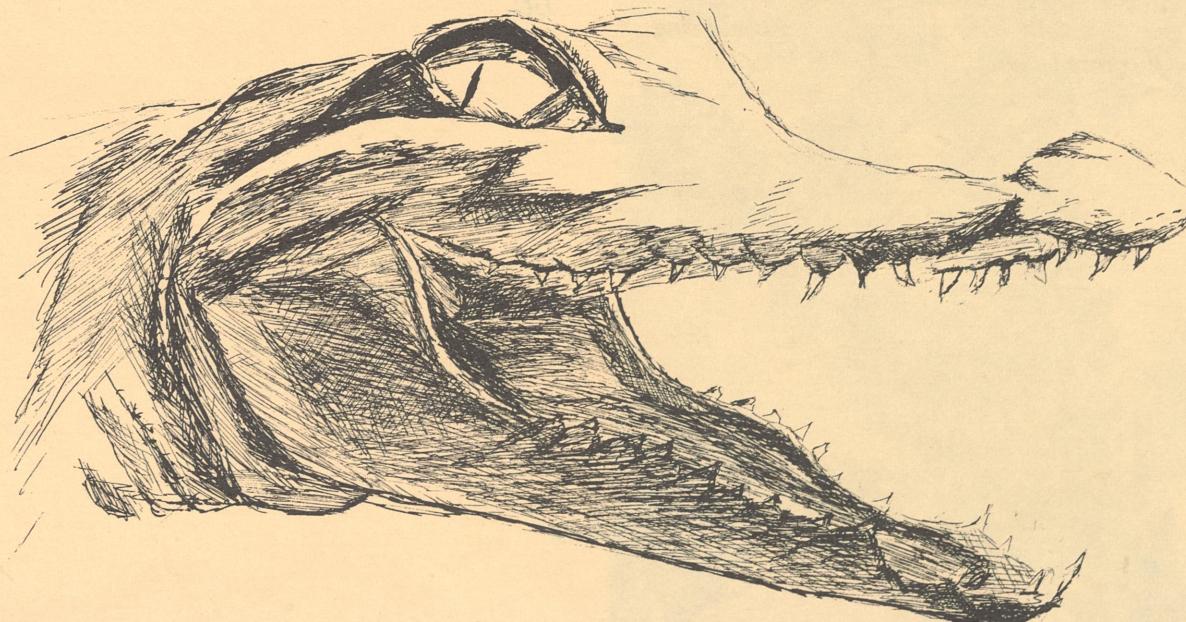
"I know, Jack. One time after he'd helped me draw up two business reports and a contract, he felt sufficiently entitled to ask me to watch his desk while he left a couple hours early for some reason. Sometimes it really took a lot to put up with him."

"Yep, Martha made me come. I suppose it was the only descent thing to do, but Ben wasn't a close friend," commented one of Ben's relatives to his third cousin. "He wasn't very family-tied. Not very nice, if you ask me."

"That's why a lot of his and Mary Jo's relatives didn't come. All sorts of excuses. Living in town, I was sort of compelled to attend his funeral."

At this instant, the minister arrived, late and hurried, but ready to earn his living. The conversations abruptly halted, and the service began. The spectators drew out their looks of condolences and sorrow, but many bitter thoughts permeated the masks. At least, the services completed, the minister escorted the widow to a car, and the others departed.

Then the yet warm corpse sat up. "Thanks, boys. Did you get the names of all who came? Good. I've always wondered who all would come. Got to go home now and think about a new will and the world. Send the bill for this farce to my lawyer."



THE END

Suzy Peeples, '72

*Stop, world, I want to get off
I don't like the way things are going.
What did you say?
You aren't going to stop for me?
Then what am I going to do?
I can't stand all these pressures,
And these everyday worries are getting me down.
Nothing seems to help and no one tries to help
me.
I've been coming down for a long time,
And all these changes have been comin' down
on me.
I just can't take it any longer.
No one every cares what happens,
I can't find anyone to talk to,
I know what I'm going to do.
Well, world, I guess you did stop for me, after
all.*

LOVE

Judy Andrews, '72

*It fills you
To depths
Of unknowing
Wonder
And shatters
Reality
Into glass fragments
Which magnify
Your joy.*

*It bounces
Your bubbles
Of bubbling happy
Until your
Heart turns
With fluttering
Gladness
And kisses tomorrow
As you meet.*

HERE IT COMES AGAIN

Kay Proctor, '73

*Here it comes again.
I was away
Far, far away
But as it happened
so many times before
They wouldn't let me stay
Oh, it was so fun.
Why, why do they always bring me back?
I could think
I could laugh
I could sing
Here it comes again.*

THE GAMBLE

Athalie White, '71

*What will it be?
Take a chance on life
Don't be a chicken
What's hiding under that smug, defiant shell?
It might be a beautiful experience
But then again, it might be a chocolate cocoanut
creme.
UG.*

THE FROGS

Beth Collins, '72

*In our pond there are three frogs
Who dive into the pond with fear
Whenever anything comes near.
If one sits there long enough,
They will cautiously shove
Their noses out of the water
For oxygen.
At the slightest movement of an intruder
They will disappear
In the murky pond.
These frogs are like some people,
Forever conquered by fear,
Afraid to let anyone get a glimpse
Of their inner selves.
When one by chance
Does steal a glimpse
They disappear quickly
In the murky dimness of their souls.*

MY TREE

Penny Pilkington, '73

*The maple tree behind our house
Delivered me to man from mouse.
Up in its branches, spreading wide
There was a place where I could hide.
I'd climb up in my maple tree,
See everyone while none saw me.
And then one day my tree fell down,
I found its branches on the ground.
My place was gone; I was alone,
I'd have to make it on my own.*

CLOUDS OF WHITE LACE

Cindy Parker, '72

*Snowflake like countless falling stars,
Land on the tops of our house and cars.
Stars that dance in cold Borus'* breath,
Reveling through the air, floating to their death
The world is enclosed in a cloud of white lace.
Little children play with a smile each face.
Why cannot fighting and petty bickering cease?
And mankind enjoy Nature's peace?*

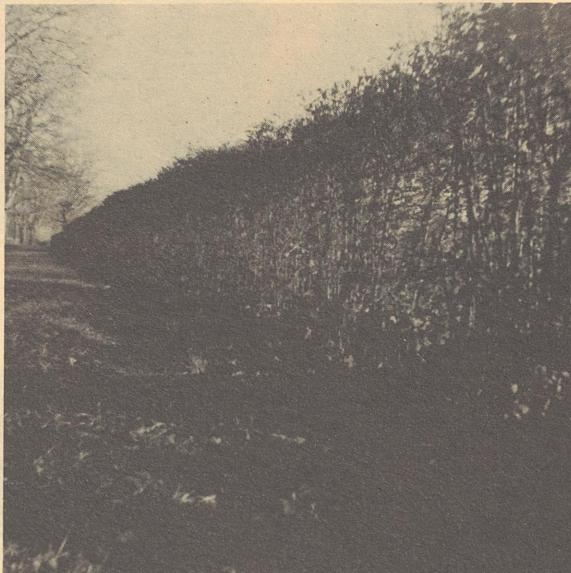


THE FELINITY OF A COUGAR

Amy Hall, '74

A tawny Cougar basks in the sunlight with eyes squinted beneath lids of metal grillwork. Each streamline glint of silver conspires in a continuous rhythm of dormant energy. A broad, toothless grin spreads across the entirety of the feline face in lazy elation. Although a pair of savage trenches, footprints of this chrome demon, disfigure the gravelly drive, the car neither bristles nor snarls. The four treaded tires on which the Cougar lopes and whirls lie in ambush until their freedom is granted, and they become raw in the humid midday.

Presently, an unwary boy, lured to the vehicle by its shimmering bronze enamel, draws too near. The Cougar engulfs this inquisitive boy in a graceful yawn and purrs softly. Inside the car, a pleasing aroma of polished leather entrails and cleaning enzymes permeates his senses like a spring of pungent evergreen. An intricate maze of silver knobs astounds the boy, but he is unable to extricate himself from this metallic embrace. The clarion cry of the car's horn shakes the windows, and once again the placid Cougar sprawls on the sunstruck lawn.



FRED

Cindy Parker and Betsy Sanford, '72

*I remember Fred
And what Fred said.
"Don't go to bed,
Meet me instead
By the bed
Of roses red,
And then we'll wed."*

*Where is Fred?
Did he go to bed?
No, now I hear his lead tread
By the bed
Of roses red.*

*Here comes Fred.
D____ his squeaky Keds.
I hit him on his greasy head
With a pipe of lead.
Fred fell by the bed
Of roses red.
Poor Fred was dead.*

IRONY

Betty Andrews, '75

*The long snake reared to strike as he saw the man,
Its intently buzzing hiss penetrating through the depths of darkness
Slicing through all.*

*And then came the rock.
The rock that cut short that strange
But fragile thing called Life.*

*Already the vultures began to circle,
Soaring through the air.
Cruel.*

*And the first one swooped to the ground,
Grabbing the serpent's neck.
Stupid.*

*For he knew not that one part of the snake was still alive,
And as his long, sharp talons grasped the serpent,
The dead snake struck,
Putting its poisoning into the vulture.
Ironic.*

THE SYMBOLS

Cindy Thacker, '72

*The heart is a true symbol of love,
The peace sign, a symbol of a dove.
A smile is happiness without a doubt,
A question is wanting to know what it's all about.*

*A gift is a symbol of true affection,
A ring, the symbol of a good connection.
A book, supposedly, a sign of knowledge,
A square hat can signify going off to college.*

*A flower is a symbol of springtime,
And all this is, is a try at a rhyme.*

LOVE

Judy Andrews, '72

*Love
is like a
candle—
if it flickers.
The wax runs down
the sides
together
And if you get too close,
if will
Burn.
And somehow, sometime—
when you're not aware,
the Light goes out . . .
and the wax hardens
And the wick cools
because
(love) dies.*

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*I've a thousand dreams,
I've a million lives to live,
I've not enough time.*

HAIKU

B. C., '74

*Run quickly, girl, run
Catch the golden sun before
It leaves you behind.*

MOONSTRUCK

Amy Hall, '74

*I rose one dark and frosty dawn
And peered from 'round my heavy curtain
To gaze transfixed on my moonlit lawn
Which shimmered with silent, eerie quality.*

*My eyes, half-blinded, stared in wonder
At jewels winking from 'neath glazed grass,
Sparkling and glowing with peculiar magic
Possessed by only fairy folk.*

*A slim silver crescent shimmered
Thru misty folds of attending clouds
And gave the world a crown of white,
Enshrouding all who dared stay out.*

REFLECTIONS

by Sherry Irvin

*Who likes to be with someone who is
always talking about her problems?*

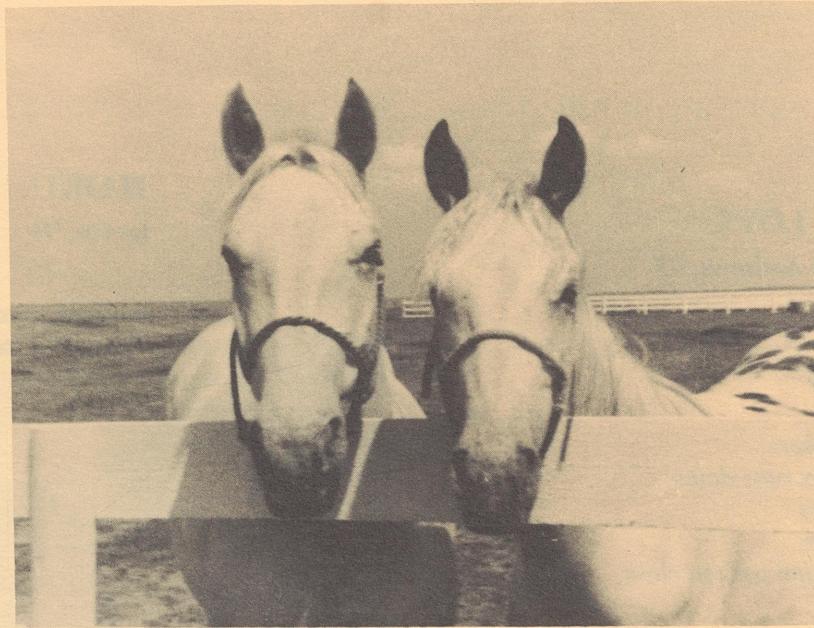
No one!

Then why do you put up with me?

Maybe you feel it is part of your duty.

*Or maybe you feel that you can help,
and then I will stop complaining.*

*Or maybe you see part of yourself in me,
and have felt what I feel,
and understand.*



THE BALLAD OF JANE EYRE

Blair Scoville, '75

*O what a happy day!
It was the day that I met you.
Your eyes since then have seemed to say,
"I'm glad I met you too."*

*Though your countenance was often stern,
And your heart seemed cold as stone,
It was not long before I learned
You did feel quite alone.*

*And so our love did grow and grow,
And time went by and by,
And I did also come to know
To your wishes I'd comply.*

*Then come the day I was to wed,
So happy did you seem!
Bet someone said a wife you had
And so undid our dream.*

*I left him when he needed me;
I could not be his bride.
Neither would his mistress be
Because of conscious pride.*

*I wandered far away from him
And though I found another;
Still I did not love him as my man
But only as my brother.*

*When I learned his first bride dead,
No longer did I tarry,
And once again I fled to him
And we were free to marry.*

*So now my heart bears greater joy
Although my love is blind,
And previous sorrows won't destroy
Our love which grew with time.*

GROWING UP—IS NOT A PAIN!

Lynn Farrar, '74

*Some folks say
Who ought to know
That growing up's bad—but—
I don't think so.*

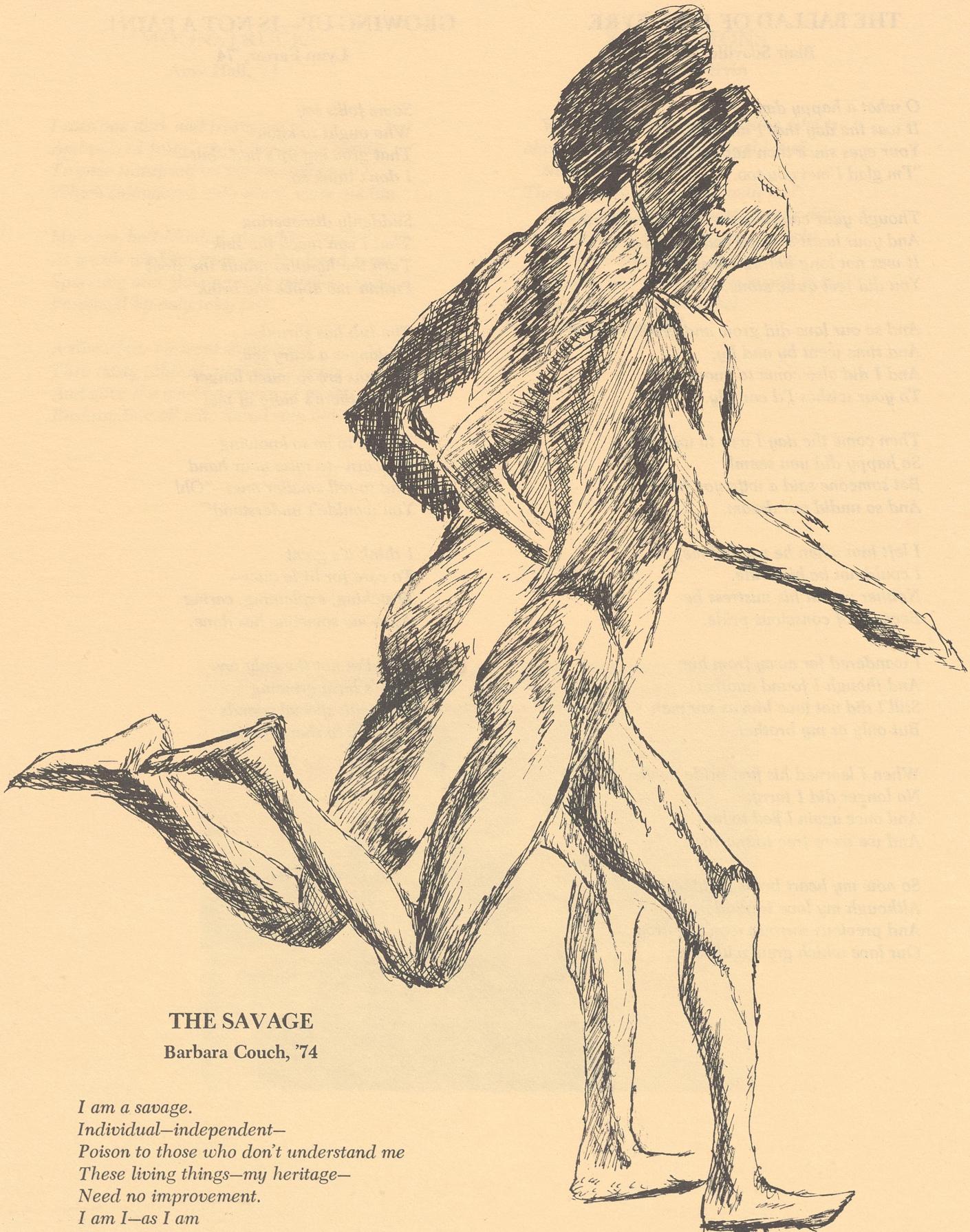
*Suddenly discovering
That I can reach the sink
Turn the handles minus the stool
Pushin' me above the brink*

*The tub has shrunk—
No longer a scary sea.
'N baths are so much longer
'Cause there's more of me!*

*It's fun to be so knowing
To learn—to raise your hand
And to tell smaller ones—"Oh!
You wouldn't understand!"*

*I think it's great
To care for little ones—
Watching, explaining, caring
As to me someone has done.*

*Too, I'm not the only one
Who's busy growing
And with special friends
I'm glad to share the joy.*



THE SAVAGE

Barbara Couch, '74

*I am a savage.
Individual-independent—
Poison to those who don't understand me
These living things—my heritage—
Need no improvement.*

*I am I—as I am
With a dignity born of pride
And a strength born of difference;
Leave me alone.*

IF LONGFELLOW'S "MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE" WERE WRITTEN BY POE

Diana Reed, '72

Once upon a midnight dreary, with the fog all thick and blearie,
And the Colonists all sleeping behind a row of unlocked doors.
Paul Revere, his fate it beckoned, he was ready to go in one split second,
Redcoats would go by sea he reckoned, or instead they'd go on shore
Two lights, he said, if on the ocean, only one if they come on shore.
Only that, and nothing more!

Ghastly, gaunt aid grim Paul stood there, ready to mount his great fleet steed there.
In the tower two lighted lanterns danced a dirge from days of yore:
Then he jumped into the saddle, and inside, my soul was dying
As I heard him ride by crying, words that chilled me to the core:
"Red-coats!" were the words he hollered, as on his mighty steed he tore;
Just "Red-coats!" and nothing more!

Once again my soul was dying, while at a curve he whizzed by, fling
How I wished that awful aching in my soul I could ignore!
But, alas, my fear grew colder, and the gun stayed on my shoulder,
While Paul Revere, his voice now bolder, called out "Redcoats!" with a roar!
Wretched was the dread within me as I heard his awful roar:
Just "Redcoats!" and nothing more.

Praying for some god to guide me, hope, I feared would be denied me
While the tell-tale heart inside me beat upon some distant shore;
Then the Redcoats came by looming, and I aimed my gun, now dooming,
While a Redcoat bullet came boomerang and it drilled me to the core
Ghostly was the sound that echoed, as it drilled me to the core
Just "bang, bang" and nothing more.

OUR MATTIE

Sallie King, '71

Our Mattie was a Smyrna gal,
Who raised us, best she could.
She taught us ways of living right
As all good Christians should.
Our Mattie had two homes all right,
Of two most different shades;
Of both these homes her love and faith,
A better place has made.
Our Mattie had her do's and don'ts,
That all of us observed.
With love and pride, her gentle word,
Her purpose here she served.
Our Mattie never had a doubt
That right would always win.
Her judgment and her faith and trust
Inspired us to depend.
Our Mattie now is gone from us.
In life or death, she'll be
A guardian angel in the hearts
Of all this family.

CRUCIFIXION

Trish Harrison, '74

It was dark.
The sky washed blood red.
The air was so heavy;
It seemed to strangle every man.

THE BRIGADIER

Julie Hancock, '74

He marched onward, onward
Calling steps but no one made them
He is the brigadier!
He needs no help
 no understanding
 no sympathy
He is the captain that
 men obeyed
 men respected
 men thought they knew
No one noticed a tear in his eye
 for the men who died
 for the soldier he was
 for the world's lost
 innocence never to be
 regained

RAINDROP

Celeste Thompson, '73

A raindrop
falls upon the window
and slowly
slides down the clear
glass
until
it falls
to the ground
and disappears.
A tear
appears in sad eyes
and slides slowly
down the pale
face
until it reaches
her
chin
and
then it drops
off
and hits
the cold concrete
floor
soundlessly.

PET SHOP

Judy Andrews, '72

Yesterday,
Funday,
In town sun Day,
I stopped to listen to
The blind man's cry
For Hope—
And colors of
Black and White.

Animals
Hurried by
To shop
In Grade "A"
Homogenized
Bargain Pet Shops.

And the blind man
Cried
As they passed by
But his cry
Took not my pity
As did
The Animals.

THE INDIAN

Beth Collins, '72

The stream gurgled and whispered past the rocks and lazily rested in the big pools. Tall pines spread protective arms around the stream, and the sun dappled it with warmth. Slivers of light and transient bubbles played near the bank. A large bass jumped, twisting its armor in the sunshine, and fell with a splash back into the pool. As if on signal, a proud stag approached the stream. With neck arched and nostrils distended, he cautiously moved closer to the bank. Another dark form appeared among the shadows on the bank. On the twisting surface of the stream was reflected the image of a tall, well-built Indian in deerskin and warpaint. His form was indistinct and wavering. But the stag sensed his presence and dashed as a whisper into the dark forest. Without a sound the Indian also vanished. Many other forms and faces were to be reflected in the stream of Time in the days to come, but the Indian passed by no more.

CONTENT TO BE

Amy Hall, '74

i'm sitting here
thinking
about all the lonely
people
and pretending that
i'm not
one of them
because if i
pretend i'm not
lonely
maybe
that i
people will assume
am happy and peaceful
inside
and
if people think
i am content
how
could i be anything
other than content
to be lonely

AN INCIDENT

Bridgette Salyer, '76

*Walking in among the trees,
I came upon a house.
A house still as eternity
And silent as a mouse.*

*While at that house came a desire
To break, to crush, to kill.
I took a stick into my hand
And killed the woodland's still.*

*The windows—old and dirty,
Broke with a savage thrust.
But suddenly in that deep wood,
Murdered was my lust.*

*For violence, for death and pain,
The memory I keep.
How very fragile is a life,
Living slow and deep.*

*For life is like a windowpane,
Or any piece of glass.
It can stay behind a wall,
But dies when life goes past.*

III

Louise Sharp, '72

Pain is the essence of full joy. It is the sacrifice made to chip away the shell of one's caged understanding. When once this suffocating shell is removed, self-understanding can expand and offer joy in our calm acceptance of pain's purgation.

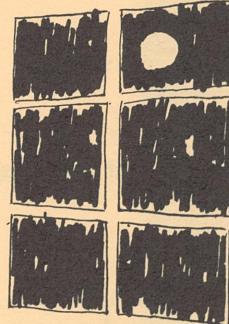
With self-knowledge evolves the knowledge of mankind and the source of nature of his pain. Thus, pain becomes glorious and is rejoiced as our joy, for the cup from which we taste perfect bliss is fashioned from the painstaking care of our Creator's hands.

Although this universal truth may be acknowledged by one's intellect, it cannot become an individual, personal truth until it is acknowledged by one's heart and accepted as a means to our salvation.

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*In early hours
When the night and the day meet
My alarm clock rings.*



5:30 A.M.

Beth Collins, '72

5:30 A.M. the whisper, the light shake, the urgent "hurry up!" Startled, then slowly awakening, slowly, rustling, sliding shoes on—zipping down the zipper on the tent—And standing, stiff, heart pounding, in a young new day.

Half running, pulling on your parka, shivering, gathering fishing gear, stringing the rods, then the scrap, scraaap-splash of canoe pushed from shore on chilly water. tennis shoes wet, excitement, minnoes' flurry, paddling, a few loud bumps, then silence.....and expectant breathing.

The light slap of lure on water—soft whizz, whirr of line rolled in—gentle swishing of ears—silence—fog roll, cold mist—excitement—hurried whispers—gentle movements—quiet lapping of water on shore—expectancy.

Fish!! A light tap on lure, nothing...silence again—sun rising, birds sing—brilliant clouds—fog disappears—waiting, waiting.

Zap!! Jump, net ready, bent rod, strained line, scared fish, jumping, blazing, turning, pulled, pulled, puled line shorter net ready, frantic fish—closer, net ready, closer, fish turning this way and that, then in the net, caught, in the boat, flopping—proud, happy, jubilant faces, loud voices.

Swift paddling, quick shouts, scrapping of canoe on rocks, a warm fire, and fish for breakfast.

ON POETRY

Sherry Irvin, '71

Once someone asked why I didn't write a happy poem.

My only answer was,
"I'll try."

I have tried but I can only write what I feel, and when I am happy I don't need a pen and paper to help me express my feelings.

It is when I am confused, lonely, or sad that I might write a poem; because often this is the only way I can express my thoughts and emotions so you can understand.

UNTITLED

Barbara Couch, '74

*He was a big man—
and he'd made mistakes.
But he was a big man:
he acknowledged, admitted them.
And, since he was a big man,
had the courage to
turn his back on them
And stride, alone—
Towards the sun*

SPRING SADNESS

Celeste Thompson, '73

*The wind blows all about me
in great cooling gusts
the stars seem to dance
yet
they are cold and
fireless
I've waited so long
for
the brown, stark
hills
to turn green
with
the touch of spring
but
now that beauty surrounds me
I am saddened
by it.
For when my heart was warm
with love
The world was cold and bare
and now that it is full of life
and the joy of spring is
everywhere,
my heart is dead and
cold.*

DUSK

Ellen Hobbs, '75

Still and silent is the night. Her rosy cheeks curl around the hills; her dark velvety hair wraps around the earth.

All is peaceful and quiet, yet there is a sort of restless urgency about the dark swaying of the trees, and the dark profile of the hills as they guard over the valleys.

Then the moon starts to rise with her silvery train following behind her.

The earth stretches forth its arms to hold her, but she slips by and travels on to the dark sky where she sits brilliantly on a black velvet cushion and reigns over her kingdom of shadows and sleep.

Yes, God and Peace are the night. Oh how we humans are stupid for we feel only terror and fright in the dark, yet the night is where truth and inner peace may be found.

Oh the shadows hold me dear to them! However, I fear them, and I fear the dark swaying of the trees, and I fear life itself.

Yet here watching the moon I lose all fear and earthly care.

*I know God is here!
I know there can be no fear!
I know that beauty lives here!
I know that life is just more than living,
but also feeling and knowing God and nature.*

HAIKU

by CB, '71

*I thank you my friend
For knowing that I do care
Even without words.*

UNTITLED NO. 49

Amy Hall, '74

Sometimes

*you plant a seed in a bit of earth,
then forget about the life you've sown.*

And sometimes

*you remember to water the seedling
before turning to more important matters.*

Occasionally

*you peek at the young plant springing anew
and feel a chill of excitement for your creativity.*

Then suddenly

*you are involved in a wonderful,
exciting adventure.
all made possible because of a silly
little seed.*

Astonishingly,

*you realize that the skinny seed is
very beautiful;
it means everything, and you love it:
it's yours.*

But then

*the plant shrivels and dies in the sunlight
all because it's just a silly little seed
in a bit of sand.*



SAVIOR

Celeste Thompson, '73

I walk alone in the rain, through a new dismal park which once was to me a world of sunshine and flowers. The path under my feet becomes muddy as dozens of tiny puddles run together with the falling rain. The cold wind whips my dress against my chilled body, yet I feel nothing. My mind is elsewhere. It climbs among the clouds that float in a sea of blue. I become detached from everything around me. My thoughts change from those white clouds as they focus on the ground under my feet. I am unable to see my reflection in the puddles because of the constant splash of raindrops into them. I have shut myself away from this cold, dreary atmosphere, but still my mind is stuck upon the events of this world.

"Hello"

My thought intensity is shattered as my dream world becomes interrupted by a voice. My mind is unable to pull itself out of the unconsciousness in which it has become involved.

"Hello"

Sparkling pools of blue gaze down upon me as my mind races into the present. Our hands meet as we begin to walk together down that muddy path. Our walk takes us to a part of the park which I had never seen before. There was no rain, no puddles and no muddy path. He sat under the trees, and though we said nothing to each other, it seemed as if our thoughts were transmitted. Beyond us, within a group of trees, were dozens and dozens of buttercups. I jumped up and began picking them as he watched me with laughing eyes. As I picked them, it seemed as though the flowers were multiplying. I came running back to him with armloads of yellow perfume. He arose and we started again our walk in this

strange, intangible world. As I began to observe this stranger who captivated me, my mind groped for a place where we had met, yet I knew we hadn't. He seemed to have a radiance about him that set everything aglow. He had brought me out of my world of gloom almost instantly.

"What makes you so buried within yourself?"
At this sudden burst of words, I was aware of the fact that he had spoken to me. I didn't know exactly how to reply, but I managed a word or two.

"I keep thinking about all the hope and dreams I had, and now I feel extremely defeated because they've been crushed."

"But life has so much to offer. You can't let past dreams ruin your future. Step out of the wreck of those dreams, because they're gone forever."

We sat down and my eyes wandered to the sky, soaking up the beauty of sunshine, clouds, and blue. I lay there not really thinking of anything, just gazing upward. I sat up and looked around. He was gone. My companion had departed, but He left with me a drop of sunshine and something to think about.

HAIKU

by Anne Cooper

God's all around us,
In nature everywhere,
And now in my heart.

SHORT STORY

Nancy Richardson, '75

I didn't know much about her. Only that she sat next to me in social studies as a result of our alphabetical seating arrangement. Only that she was black. She had just moved to our huge and over-populated school recently and didn't try very hard in her studies; she just seemed to have given up. She seemed so lonely. But how could I help? I was white, and she was black.

As we sat in the dim-lighted and crowded room watching a movie, my eyes wandered over to her. "Her name is Brenda or something like that," I thought. I also felt sorry for her. I really don't know why I did; she seemed like a pretty self-composed person. I glanced at her and saw she was writing on the back of her hand with a purple felt-tipped pen. This wasn't an unusual thing to do. Nowadays lots of people wrote on their hand for the sake of something to do while they were getting an "education" shoved down their throats. But my curiosity became so strong that I just had to know what Brenda was writing. She saw me, and she knew I wanted to see the words she was so concentrating on. She turned her hand with the palm toward my eyes, and I read the neat, well-spaced printing. "I AM BLACK. ARE YOU WHITE OR BLACK?" For a second, I was startled. Then I was puzzled. Why had she written that? What could I do now? I thought quickly and then searched for my pen. I wrote the message on her hand instead of saying it. I just had to do it. I wrote, "DOES IT REALLY MATTER?" on her outstretched palm. She turned her hand and swiftly brought it to her eyesight. I watched as she read. Was this all a joke? Why did I have to play the role of the good guy, the peacemaker. That's what I felt like. Mostly I was just staring, waiting for her reaction. She didn't look up but wrote something else below the words I had hoped would so help her. Slowly she turned her hand so as to let me see it. "NO" was written under my earnest question. I breathed a faint sigh of relief and smiled. Now I knew that it really didn't matter if she was black and I was white. We could be friends and there would be no barrier. I looked up at her and smiled. She smiled at me at the same time. At that moment, I felt a tremendous sense of victory and hopefulness for the racial separation of people. Was Brenda feeling the same time? I'll never know. I just know that day for whatever it was worth. This small thing was worth a lot to my heart.

INTRODUCTION

by Sherry Irvin, '71

I am not a poet

I just write what I feel and if you understand what I am trying to say, then I have succeeded.

A poet writes something which is beautiful.

I just write down my thoughts.

To me it is just another means of communication

when conversation will not work.

Not everything I have written will you understand,

but then two people do not think the same way.

Hopefully if you read some of my thoughts you

might find that we feel the same way, and that together

we can find the answers to our problems.

IMPRESSIONS

Celeste Thompson, '73

Lying in the sun

gives me time

time

to think

and

ponder

the sea breeze blows

ruffling my thoughts,

cooling my restless

soul.

The laughing surf

tries to cheer me

chuckling as it washes

the beach,

licking my feet.

A big blue sky

with

A lapful of puffy white

looks down upon me,

and

watches my every mood.

a world of paradise

that I soaked up

and wrote down

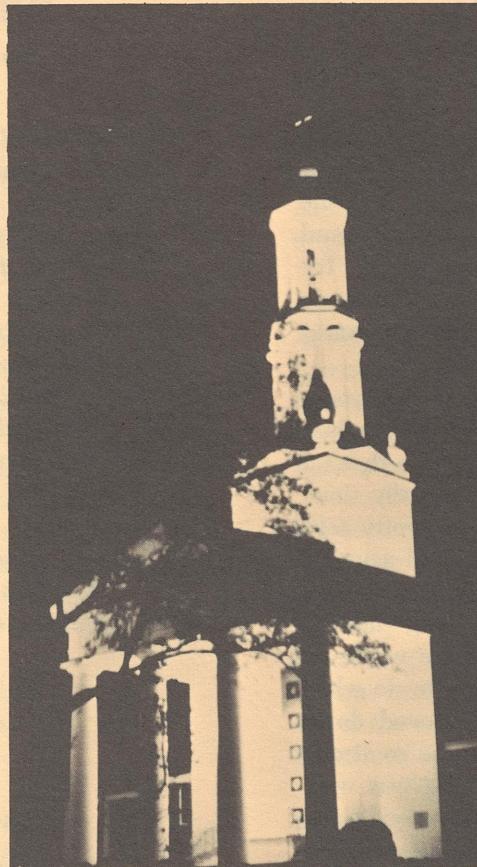
into my memory,

to keep

forever

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